

Past a Sunlit Terrace

The willow dapples
 the wake
of the sun

"Wake," what a dread word
 to intrude
upon this alabaster morning

As if to reawaken
 some
moment of dread

There in all the sunlight
 as if ...
yes, I know

It is only that
 you remember my
lips upon your thighs

My fingers upon
 your breasts and
the cold shudder

That you
 could not
repress

Now you are deathly pale
 as a willow frond
brushes your cheek

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An Asinine Observance

You have let
 the hair grow
at your armpits

A natural enough occurrence
at best

But with all
 this sleeveless
springtime

Why provoke me
 with a sloppy
old jersey

Ripped
 at the seams
just there

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